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From the agricultural bulletin issued by the state board of agriculture for July: A retrospect of past years leads us to believe that the coming year will show a decided increase in our rainfall. Dry seasons in Kansas have been 1843, 1847, 1853-4, 1860, 1866-7, 1873-4-5, 1882, 1886-7, thus showing a recurrence every five to seven years, and in each instance the year succeeding the drouth has shown us a large increase in the rainfall.

Wichita *Eagle*: M. M. Mallernee, who has a farm nine mile east of the city which he preempted fifteen years ago, called at this office with specimens of corn grown upon that farm and an adjoining farm belonging to Mrs. Cather. The specimen ears averaged thirteen inches in length and were heavy and well filled. We have seldom, if ever, seen better corn. He has about fifty acres of the same kind.

WELL REBUKED.

Hero worship is a fire of youth which no wise person would desire to quench. One form of it, however, and that a "malady most incident to maids," is always damaging, not only to fine character, but sometimes even to the reputation of the worshiper.

Certain public personages, usually actors and musicians, are invested, by the youthful imagination, with a glamour which quite covers their defects as individuals, and their votaries commit many a sin against decorum in the hope of worthily expressing their admiration for these heroes of a day.

The mails of public favorites overflow with letters containing wholesale commendation of their powers or persons. Some such eulogies are written by young girls who would never dream of violating the dictates of good breeding in their own walks in life, but who feel that the world of art is so far removed from that in which they dwell, that any message sent to it will not be judged by ordinary laws.

When a certain Italian tenor was at the height of his fame, a young lady in high social standing became so enamored of his voice that her admiration extended to its possessor, and, quite carried away by her feelings, she wrote him a succession of fervent letters, even begging that she might have the privilege of meeting him outside the concert-room.

Finally, she received a note from the singer, asking her to go to his house at an appointed hour. Overcome with delight, the foolish girl faithfully went, and was received by the Italian—and his wife.

She had never speculated upon the singer's domestic relations, possibly because he seemed to inhabit too rarefied an atmosphere to be regarded as other men, and the presence of the lady was a decided shock to her enthusiasm.

The host and hostess were most courteous, and exceedingly matter-of-fact; the call was an agreeable one, but the visitor found no opportunity of burning the incense of praise before her hero. Moreover, when brought into social contact with this somewhat commonplace individual, she was overwhelmed with shame at the thought of her silly letters.

When she took her leave the singer accompanied her to the door.

"My dear young lady," he said, with kindly courtesy, "will you let me give you a word of friendly warning? It is never safe to open the heart to mere strangers. You knew nothing of my character when you came here to-day, and it was fortunate for you that I happened to be a gentleman."

It is only fair to say that girls are rarely as reckless as this; sometimes they are only silly.

It was at one time believed that a certain maid of honor at the court of Saxe-Weimar was addicted to the use of tobacco, because her person was redolent of the weed. She one day confessed, however, that she wore constantly, in a jewelled locket about her neck, a cigar stump thrown away in the street by Franz Listz, and instantly secured by her.

Such an extreme of enthusiasm may be quite innocent, but its display is always in bad taste, and will inevitably furnish food for regret in later life.

The emotional spendthrift has no time for the cultivation of self-respect; he is continually, by his own acts, entering more deeply the toils of the usurer Remorse.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Drama of the Period.

The Actress—A new play? Pray don't ask me to read it. Can't you give me a synopsis of the most striking incidents?

The Author—With pleasure. In the first act there is a corn colored silk costume. In the second there are two dresses, including the very latest wraps and parasols. The interest in the third act falls off to the riding habit, but in the fourth and fifth acts there are no less than three complete costumes, and all made by Worth. I think it will be a success.

The Actress—Name your price, sir. I'll take it.

THE heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.—*Hugo de Anima.*

A Little Story.

In the State of New York, near the Hudson River and not far from Tarrytown, in one of those quiet, secluded valleys — almost a Sleepy Hollow—made classic by Irving, a strange sight can be seen. Owing to its location it is seldom visited by tourists as few have ever heard of it, but a visit to it would well repay any of the thousands of pleasure-seekers who rush heedlessly past it every summer.

Between sixty and seventy years ago a party of young Englishmen from New York went up to this little valley to play a game of cricket. There were twenty-two of them, each club, of course, consisting of the usual eleven men, and it was agreed that they would play one whole game before returning to the city.

They are at it yet.

When one of them stoops over to pick up his crutch to make a run his long gray hair falls about his face and when he starts for the other wicket his flowing snow-white beard flops in the breeze.

A few years ago, while making a trip along the Hudson, we wandered into this little valley and discovered the cricket players. We watched them rushing about the ground hunting for the ball, or their spectacles, or wigs, or the wickets, for half a day. At last we went over to one old man who was fielding. He had been asleep a couple of hours, so we thought he would not care if we awoke him. He sat up with our assistance and asked if any runs had been made since he had fallen asleep. We told him that one had been scored about three-quarters of an hour before. He seemed surprised and said he feared the boys were catching the rush and hurry of base-ball. He was sorry to see that spirit creep in. We asked him how the game was progressing. "Splendidly," he replied, "we are getting along very well." "When do you expect to finish?" "That is, of course, hard to tell, my young friend; but we are now nicely started on the last half of the first inning. We have nine more men to put out and hope to get one of them out this summer. I think the game will probably be finished in between two and three hundred years. If we do not live that long we have made arrangements to have our grandchildren take our places. We are bound that one cricket game shall be finished if it takes ten generations! Hi, there, holler when you are going to knock the ball over this way!"—*Dakota Bell.*

OVERDONE.

Richelieu and Arthur have, for some time, been boarding at a down-town boarding-house, but recently becoming dissatisfied with the rigidity of its dining room economy, they decided to change their lodgings. Wishing, however, to avoid any unpleasant feelings on the part of their landlady, Richelieu said to her:

"Well, Mrs. Slopslinger, I suppose I shall be compelled to leave you. My room-mate desires a location nearer to his business, and of course I shall want to be with him. We regret to leave you, as our relations have always been of the most pleasant character."

Mistress S——, with great affability, assured him of her good will, and wished him all comfort in his new quarters.

That evening while packing up. Arthur remarked: "Old boy, I thought it wasn't just the thing for us to slip off without saying anything to our landlady, so I ran down just now, and told her you wanted to get further up town, and that, of course, I should want to go with you—"

"The devil, you did! I said the same thing of you this morning!"

Tableau!—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT WOULD MAKE IT SOUND BETTER.

"Did you hear me singing, papa?" asked Mabel, as she tripped merrily into the room.

"I did, my child, I did."

"And how did you like it, papa, dear?"

"I can't say that I enjoyed it very much."

"Not enjoy my singing?"

"Well, perhaps it wasn't the singing I didn't like; it might have been the composition; yes, I think it was the selection; I could have suggested considerable improvement upon it."

"How, papa? What change would you make?"

"I think the composition would sound much better if it were transformed into one long, sweet continuous rest."

And Mabel went and shut the piano with all her might. — *Merchant Traveller.*

A Popular Base-Ball Player.

There is no more popular man on the ball field to-day than "Old Silver" Flint, of the Chicagos, and he needs

no other introduction to base-ball enthusiasts. "Old Silver" is not handsome, but is whole-souled and genial, and a back-stop whose equal remains to be found. Flint is no record player—he has no axe to grind—and the management of the Chicago team knows it. One of the veterans of the Chicago club, he nevertheless resisted the temptation for fast life that destroyed the usefulness of players who, were it not for that one fault, were unequaled on the ball field.

Houses.

We are too wise to consult astrologers nowadays, but should a glib politician, who can talk for hours at a stretch, simply give us his word that certain things will happen if we do not follow his lead, we shout at once, "a Daniel, a Daniel," and vote him into power to save us from all kinds of terrible calamities. The mere fact that he has proved to be in the wrong over and over again is nothing. "Words, not deeds," is the motto of the time, and a jawbone is as powerful now as in the days of Samson. But as this brings us to the threshold of a house we do not care to enter, let us pass on quickly.

There are houses which have been built upon the sterling qualities and noble deeds of some brave, or wise, or honest, persevering men, and have been supported by their worthy successors until we find them classed among the noble houses of the land. Not all great houses, however, have such honest foundations. Some have been founded on a fair lady's charms; some spring from the successful cringing of a wily courtier; others from the supple voting and artful manœuvreing of a turn-coat politician.

The royal houses of England, among which we may surely class the Stuarts as an unlucky house, have, in their rising and falling, lifted and brought down many a noble family, brought many a head to the scaffold, and caused thousands of gallant men to shed their blood upon the battlefield. The quarrels of the houses of York and Lancaster filled the land with misery and bloodshed, set father against son, brother against brother, devastated the land, lost our possessions in France, and utterly destroyed many of the ancient noble families. That fatal morning in the Temple Gardens, when the roses were chosen as symbols of hatred instead of love, had far worse results than Warwick feared when he said the day

Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

—*All the Year Round.*

AT one of his Northfield meetings Mr. Moody, who was preaching about "Prayer," said: "Man may pray like a saint, but if he has a dollar in his pocket not acquired honestly his prayer is a sham, and he must make restitution if he expects ever to have God hear his prayer." Thereupon a merchant from Dallas, Tex., rose in the audience and told a story that emphasized this point. He had, he said, got dishonestly from men in his business some $5,500, and had built a house with the money. Then Mr. Moody happened along and preached on this subject of restitution, and the merchant was present. "I heard you," he said, pointing to Mr. Moody, "and I went out into the street conscience-stricken. I went straight home and told my wife that we must sell that house and restore the money. And we did. We held an auction, and our carpets, our laces, our furniture all left us, and with the proceeds made restitution." The man then told how he and his wife started again in life with nothing, and how he had prospered. His credit, his prosperity had never been so good.

Restaurant Calls.

The dinner is cheap restaurants is often puzzled by strange orders shouted by waiters. The customary waiter lays his ears back and howls an order to the kitchen, as if for the purpose of letting the whole congregation know what each member of it intends to eat; then saunters to the porthole opening into the culinary department and converses with the cook. If he would communicate the order in a confidential tone and yell his conversation with the cook it would please the clients better; but a waiter on $6 a week cannot afford to own or at least to exhibit all the graces of high society. Like the stage and the gypsy camp, the cheap restaurant has its peculiar slang and idiom, and it speaks a language that few of the public know. Here are a few of the nouns in its vocabulary, with the definitions thereof in every-day English:

"One," is an oyster stew.

"Three on," three butter cakes.

"Pair o' sleeve-buttons," is two fish balls.

"White wings, ends up," are poached eggs.

"One slaughter on the pan" is a porter house steak.

"Coffee in the dark" and "slops in a cup with the light out" signify coffee without milk.

"Brown a plate o' wheat" and "stack o' whites" indicates that a customer wants wheat cakes.

"Tea separate" means that the milk for the tea is not to be poured into the cup, but served in a pitcher.

"Cannon balls" are crullers.

"Beef and" means beef and beans.

"Stars and stripes" are pork and beans. This term also applies to bacon.

"Brass band without a leader" is a plate of beans without pork.

"Summer time" is bread and milk.

"Murphy with his coat on" is a boiled potato, unpeeled.

"White wings, sunny side up," are fried eggs.

"Rice both," "bread both," etc., means that rice, bread and other puddings are to be served with both wine sauce and butter sauce.

"Rice, hard only," means that rice pudding is to be served with butter sauce.

"Bale o' hay" is corned beef and cabbage.

"Let the blood follow the knife" is rare roast beef.

"Roly poly" is strawberry pudding.

"Solid shot" is apple dumpling.

"Mealy bustio" is mealy potato.

"Ham and" signifies ham and eggs.

"Shipwreck" is scrambled eggs.

"Hen fruit" is boiled eggs.

"Tea no" is tea without milk.

"Dyspepsia in a snow-storm" is mince pie sprinkled with sugar.

"Hash no" is hash without onions.

"Mystery" is hash.

"Brown-stone front" is another name for porterhouse steak.

"Chicken from on high" is the best cut of chicken.

"Cosmopolitan" is Neapolitan ice-cream.

"Let the chicken wade through it" is chicken soup.

Some keepers of restaurants where these amusing orders have been in daily transmission for years have compelled their waiters to forego this style and to communicate orders to the cook in every-day English. It is only the "What'll ye have, damyer" kind of servitor who persists in it.

BEEN THERE HIMSELF.

They were conversing together in the Baltimore depot, and one of them remarked:

"I shan't go into Wall Street blind. I have friends who will give me pointers."

A man who was wheeling a baggage truck overheard the remark, stopped short to look at the speaker and then spit on his hands to renew his grip of the handles and said:

"Jess so. That's the way I went there with $30,000 in my pocket, and them pointers brought me here. Better get your application in for a job, mister.—*Wall Street News.*

FAILURE never deters the man of perfect courage.